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'No," said Col. Stilwell. "I don't years foh his society. Understand me; I don't say foh a minute that he is not a per fect gentleman. But I observed that he can't be satisfied to play half a dozen games of poker without counting over the entire pack of kyards.



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1:10 p m Ly. Kr	nbudo.Lv 59 3:25 p n
3.97 D LV. BA	Piedras. Lv. 66. 2:45 p m Piedras. Lv 97. 1:19 p m
5:21 p m f.v Av	tonito. Lv 131 11:40 a n
7:00 p mLv.A	Amoss Lv 180 10:80 a w
10:50 p m Lv.	alida Lv. 248 8-50 e w
1:50 a m Ly. Fl	orence.Lv311 4:00 a n
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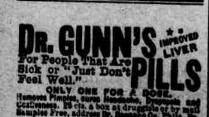
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A Mortgage Foreclosure.

1 told her that, as a man of law,
Love's side I should defend,

That in our case there was no -flav We'd fight it to the end. A frown spread o'er her dimpled face. She paced the polished floor; "Ah! pardon me, what is this case: You know I have a score!"
"Love versus Phyllis, there's

A kiss beneath your nose; In fact, a mortgage on your lips! Said Phyllis: "Please foreclose!





CHAPTER II. Presently there was nothing left for

the June zephyrs to tease but the fluttering bannerets of gray Spanish moss nendent from the unfading wooden rainbow and the leaves of the big church Bible, that had been left open after the preliminary reading of a chapter.

Strong Martin had selected the banks of the creek for his battleground with conscience. It would be pleasanter down | ing sun fell upon the wooden arch there on the water's pebbly brim, where no one was likely to intrude today.

He was hidden from the view of the hungry churchyard feasters by the high, banks of the creek that were fringed with trailing blackberry bushes and blue eyed periwinkles. From the spot he selected he could hear the clatter of dishes and the lively chatter of the feeders and the fed.

With his eye closed he saw it all. In an agony of indecision he flung his hands outward and upward and groaned aloud: "If I stood alone, it would be different. It would be easy. But-the old folks-and-Liza." Then, with clinched fist and resolute lips, "It is a forced hand." And again in a voice almost of despair he said it: "A forced

hand! A forced hand!" Upon the calm afternoon air the clangor of a bell smote sharply. It was the bell in the little wooden belfry of the red brick church calling the multitude back to the closing exercises. The cows were slowly climbing the opposite bank of the creek. The blue crane untucked its small head to reconnoiter. Strong Martin got up and stretched his cramped legs, stamping vigorously with his benumbed feet.

"A profitable hour," he said bitterly. 'I came here to settle a matter of conscience. I am sure of only one thing: I am hungry. No, of two things. The knot is knottier than ever. It is a forced

As he clambered precipitately up the steep bank of the creek he suddenly came face to face with Mamie Colyer. In one hand she held a cup of coffee, in the other a loaded plate.

"I have been looking for you ever since you left the church. I saw you when you came out. Here, take it. You must be dreadfully hungry." She was not looking at him. She could not. She was so absurdly short and he so correspondingly tall that his grateful glance could only perch on the beflowered crown of her big hat.

"I am hungrier than I thought. It was good of you to think of me, Miss Mamie. I did not expect it of you. "Others have been thinking of you and talking about you."

"Yes? Her hands were free now. He had taken the cup of coffee and gulped it in three or four mouthfuls. His utterance was somewhat impeded by sandwich.

"No one has thought of me in this way. It was very sweet of you, Mamie." But I am angry with you. Quite

She employed her liberated hands in putting her large Gainsborough hat far enough on the back of her head to give him the full benefit of an extremely stern gaze which she had carefully pre-

"Adrien Strong says you are acting

set about you.' There was a tang of wormwood in his voice as he answered, "I think Adri-en will not suffer much on my account."

"Adrien Strong is very fond of you, she said decidedly. His own name, shouted in Adrien's

voice, came clearly and shrilly through the lacy screen of elder blossoms. girl put her hand out hurriedly for the empty plate and cup. There, go. Everything is waiting

on you. You are a beautiful looking valedictorian. Wait! I know it's dreadfully bold, but I can't let you go back looking like a defeated prizefighter." She stood on tiptoe close in front of

him. Her slim brown fingers gave his cravat a savage little jerk, bringing the bow around from under his left ear. "There, you look just one degree less disreputable. Do smooth your hair down a trifle."

He was beaming on her in an ecstasy of gratitude. It was so pleasant to have some one care whether he was hungry or satiated, trim or disreputable.

Do go. If you stand there much longer looking so ridiculously grateful, I shall forget that I am angry with you. I am sorry, so sorry—for—everything. But, of course, I don't believe it."

"Don't believe what?" Strong asked, vaguely interested in the words, vividly in the speaker, whose soft, upturned eyes had altogether forgotten to look

"Don't believe anything." With sudden passion she stamped her small foot. "There, go. I have only made matters worse by coming here. Adrien is calling you. Adrien says it is ridiculous to suppose you could have taken those things."

"He did, did he?" The boy's voice was choked with the sudden up leaping

She was stamping her foot at him. Adrien was calling him from the top of the bank. The bell kept up its monoto-nous summons. The white winged crane lifted its slender body awkward-ly and sailed away on frightened wings. He must go and face them all. It was a

With a flutter of ribbons Mamie disappeared behind a near pomegranate bush. Adrien came crashing forward over the pine needles that made the sloping ground slippery. His voice, tart and cross, reached Strong a second in

advance of his hurrying feet: "Man alive, Strong Martin, you are acting like an imbecile! A positive id-

"I don't understand you."
"You will," said Adrien, with a petalant laugh, "before the day is over. I
have been doing what I could for you."
"Thanks. Am sorry you found it necessary to do anything for me."

Side by side they entered the old brick church. Through the crowd Strong Martin passed with his head erect, but with a certain hard look on his young face that had not been there before Lawyer Seephar had stirred his

soul to its deepest depths. The tender radiance of a June afternoon filled every cranny of the old church, the slanting rays of the westerthrough the open windows, touching the bannerets of gray Spanish moss and the edar wisps in the ladder of learning with a golden glow. The melancholy band played "See, the Conquering Hero Comes" in a spiritless after dinner fashion. He did not look an inch the conqueror or the hero as he mounted the steps to the rostrum and turned his pale, resolute face toward the crowd be-



low him. If the beflowered arch had been a guillotine and the cedar ladder a gleaming ax blade, Strong Martin could not have experienced a more absolute

sense of despair. In a few incoherent sentences it had been impressed upon him that suspicion rested on him. That he, the plebeian valedictorian, was accredited with the morals of a shoeblack or a chimney

Mechanically he delivered himself of the speech he had prepared with sopho-moric pride. Mechanically he listened to the coldly formal words of commendation spoken perfunctorily by the fac ulty. Then he stepped down from the painful conspicuity of his position and resumed his place on the front form amid profound silence.

Not a hand was extended to him in congratulation. It was a barren triumph. One message of sympathy reached him. Only one. Over the heads of the audience there came hurtling a solitary spray of crimson pomegranate flowers. It came from the hand of a small boy, who grinned gleefully at his own dexterity. It was sent by the heart of a girl who blushed furiously at her

own unsuspected agency in the matter Strong Martin stooped and picked up the red winged messenger of sympathy with a hand that trembled visibly as he fastened it in a buttonhole of his coat. He would have liked to press his lips to it in sheer gratitude, but feared to make himself ridiculous.

Commencement day of 1859 was over, and the college robbery that had shaken like an imbecile. He is very much upwas still an unsolved mystery.

Surprise and perplexity seized upon the very brutes in her kingdom when Manager Martin's wife forgot to pull the rope to the big plantation bell precisely as the harsh voiced clock on her dining room mantelpiece struck the hour of noon.

Duke, the overseer's favorite setter, as spokesman for his less privileged companions, got up from his recumbent posture on the lowest step, stalked to-ward her and looked into her face with

reproachful solemnity. The occurrence was actually without precedent. There was no room for error on his part, for he had been educated by years of practical experience into a knowledge of the fact that when that clock struck 12 it was Mrs. Martin's imperious duty to seize the big rope fastened to the big clapper of the big plantation bell, planted on a post at the end of her front gallery, and set the bell into ponderous activity.

In immediate consequence of which the silent and deserted quarter lot would become the arena of an activity thoroughly agreeable to Duke's degraded

Mules, burdened with loose jingling trace chains and whistling plowboys, would trot cheerfully through the lot, requiring no spur, in the direction of the cribs, piled high with their noonday allowance of fodder or sweet smelling pea hay. From the throats of 100 clumsy mud and earth chimneys the smoke of culinary preparation would ascend together, floating laxily over the wav-ing plumes of the China trees that formed a long green avenue between the two rows of cabins. Responsive to the pungent odor of frying bacon and boil-ing mustard "greens," Duke's delicate nostrils would quiver appreciatively.

From his superior position on the gallery of the overseer's house he could take in all this delightful midday stir without detraction from his own dignity. The crowning delight, however, the one in which he was himself most immediately concerned, was the home-coming of Manager Martin and "the

No leisurely dalliance before meal time, no luxurious refreshment of person before assembling at table, would intervene between the home coming of the overseer and the boys and dinner. Duke himself was not more indifferent to such troublesome exertions. A hasty hand washing at the tin basin, which could be seen of all men, on its shelf on the front gallery; brief, brisk conflict with the coarse roller towel, whose re-newal was one of Mrs. Martin's Sabbath day ceremonies, and Overseer Mar-tin, fresh and rosy, would be "ready for grub."



ways smiling or make-up.

reality, Cuday. He is fast

have no right to tamper with love o matrimony. It is dest for themselves and hest for the human race that they should not. It is not a hard matter for men and women to preserve their health if they wish. It is far from impossible for them to restore it after it has been lost. That being the case, the modern Cupid is right in looking with disfavor upon matrimonial matches between sick men and unhealthy. being the case, the modern cupid is right in looking with disfavor upon matrimonial matches between sick men and unhealthy women. Ill-health in a woman is generally the result of some weakness or disorder of the distinctly feminine organism that is slowly sapping her vitality. At first, a little pain and slight indispositions which seem to her quite unimportant. They grow steadily worse until she suffers all the time from burning and dragging sensations, and occasionally has to take to her bed. Finally they completely unfit her for wifehood and motherhood. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is an unfailing remedy for all-ments of this kind. It acts directly on the delicate and important organs concerned in maternity and makes them well and strong. It transforms weak, sickly, nervous invalids into healthy, happy wives and mothers. Medicine dealers sell it. No honest druggist will recommend a substitute. mothers. Medicine dealers sell it. No hon-est druggist will recommend a substitute.

"Since I wrote you we have had a baby girl born to us," writes W. R. Malcolm, of Knoebel, Clay-Co., Ark. "My wife took Dr. Pierce's Pa-vorite Prescription during the expectant period and until confinement, and she had no trouble to mention. A stouter, healthier child was never born. Our child will be one year of age on the 8th inst., and she has not been sick a day. Has not had so much as the colic."

Perhaps, after all, Duke's interest in Mrs. Martin's punctuality was self seeking. Reasoning from cause to effect, according to his lights, if no bellrope was pulled no dinner would ensue. He raised his soft brown eyes reproachfully to his mistress' face and sighed audibly. Translated: "What could the woman be thinking

about?" Mrs. Martin, with her stoutly booted feet planted on the round of one chair, the amplitude of her blue cotton skirts completely obscuring another, was act-

ing in a manner for which Duke could find no precedent. She was shelling beans. Dried beans that rattled from the blunt extremities of her active fingers in resounding volleys into a tin pan firmly clasped by her two knees. She was getting the dry lima beans ready for the seed bags in "the madam's storeroom" up at the

big house. Duke knew perfectly well the signifi cance of that succulent hailstorm. He was familiar with the procession of in dustries that marched through the months, but he had never before known the dried limas to affect his mistress so obliviously.

Five more precious, unreclaimable minutes lapsed, and Duke ventured upon a second protest. Laying his long pointed nose delicately on the plump arm from which Mrs. Martin had rolled back her blue calico sleeve, he sniff-

ed suggestively. The touch of his cold nozzle secured him brief attention, but only increased his perplexity. He was not unused to master and the boys were afield, and when his mistress turned her troubled blue eyes in his direction he assured her in advance of his full sympathy by dignified oscillations of his handsome tail.

"Your master and me have made a mistake, Duke, a terrible bad mistake, and I don't see any way out of the mess. That's what's pesterin me. We'd better uv lef' well 'nough alone, Duke, but we didn' have the sense to see it at the right time.

Wiping her fingers free from the stains of pea pods, she reverently lifted an imperial photograph from where it had been propped against the back of the chair in front of her.

"This is her picture, Duke, your little Miss Eliza's, that used to pull your ears mos' out by the roots, and you never even snapped 'bout it. She signs her name Liza now, like it was spelled with a double ee. How Martin laughed when she wrote us word how to pronounce our own child's name! But I reckon she's outgrowed you, Duke, along with the old name. You used to watch over her mighty good, old boy, whenever I laid her down on the risin sun quilt she used to think the world and all on. When the pink crape myrtles was shading the sun from her purty eyes and the risin sun was just under her fat little fingers and you a-curled up nigh her, I could go up t' big house, if need be, and stay hours with an easy

Mrs. Martin sighed ponderously and flecked a grain of dust from the smooth surface of the picture. "I was sorry when the wind blowed the pink myrtle tree down, Duke, 'cause we always called it Liza's tree. The rising sun is packed away in the press right now. Its colors is as bright as when I put it on the gallery floor for you and baby to romp on, but you're a sight older than you was then, Duke, and I reckon she's outgrowed you along with lots of other things. It's eight years, Duke, goin on nine, since I give my Liza up because they all said I had oughter." With a certain fierce regret she tapped the smooth oval cheek of the photograph with her work roughened finger,

"We've done you a wrong, Liza, we can't never undo. We've sent you off and made a lady of you, and we hadn't oughter done no such thing. It's her do-

in's, all hers.' Mrs. Martin shook her fist vindictive ly in direction of the governor's man-sion, whose gleaming white walls, surrounded by clustering gardens and or-chards, were just visible from where she sat.

The odor of scorching meat smote up on her nostrils. Duke lifted up his voice in a howl of reproach. The dinner was burning up and no summons had yet been sounded on the big bell. She came back to the sordid requirements of the hour with a violent start that sent the remainder of the beans, pods and all, into the pan like a rattle

"Good God! It's nigher 1 than 12. That picture's got me all upset-plum'

By way of remedying the irremediable, Mrs. Martin gave the bell pull two or three startling, visorous jerks

before proceeding to examine the incin erated dinner.

Soon from out a cloud of dust, amid mighty clatter of hoofs and trace chains, to the discordant accompaniment of yelping curs and hissing geese, Manager Martin's broad shoulders and florid face appeared. He was carrying his coarse straw hat in his hand and mopping his meist forehead with a dubious bandana handkerchief.

For the first time in her married life Mrs. Martin regarded her husband crit-

ically.

"How would be strike Liza?" Everything in her microcosm was beginning to revolve about that test question. As he galloped past her point of view, conscientiously minded to see that the brutes had their feed before he enjoyed his own, she challenged his attention by waving her blue cotton apron vigorously at him.

'Don't stay long at the lot, Eben. I'm in a hurry for you."

Across the clatter of hoofs, the yelping of curs and hissing of geese a clear, wholesome laugh floated to her.

'You rung that bell like you w hurry Consult the shadders. She consulted the shadows. Eben had always told her when she had any doubts about the harsh voiced clock that had been her mentor for 15 years to consult the shadows about the roots of two sentinel China trees that flanked

shadows were slanting toward the cart. "It's the picture. It got me all flustered up." With this apology for herself to herself she went inside and made ready for 'the old man' and the boys with a great ado over her bone handled cutlery

and her heavy queensware plates, all of

which suddenly inspired her with an

intense scorn of their clumsy coarseness "How would they strike Liza?" With spiteful emphasis she smoothed the wrinkles out of the red checkered tablecloth that never had shown such suspicious marks of hard usage as it did today, looked at with her newborn distrust of all her possessions. A few grease spots, more or less, wouldn't 'feaze the old man' nor the boys, but she shouldn't wonder if Liza had forgot how to eat off a red tablecloth, and like as not she was used to napkins every

Her preparations were still incomplete when Eben put his shining face through the open window nearest to the roller towel, which was just then in active

service. "Short 'lowance of time for grub Becky. How come you to forget us? Never knowed you do it before,"

"I've been flustered all mornin, Eben -at least ever since Dan fetched the mail home. "Mail? Anything wrong with Strong?" "Strong's all right, for anything I

know to the contrary. It's about Liza, old man." "Well?" There was a sharp note of anxiety in the loud, fresh voice. Strong and Eliza were the objects about which all the

family pride and homage revolved. "She's sent her picture home, Eben. Here it is. What do you think of it?' With gingerly deference the overseen took the imperial photograph into his



You rung that bell like you by passing the backs of them carefully down his trousers legs, that no moisture could possibly cling to them. His wife stood silently at his elbow, gazing wistfully at the white throated, delicately featured face of the disconcerting picture. The overseer's long and silent in spection culminated in a prolonged

whistle of amazement. "That our girl! That our little Eliza used to take afield on the pommel of my saddle? You're foolin me, Becky Why, this here's the picture of a queen. She looks like a young empress.

"She does, indeed. That's what's pesterin me. "Pesterin you?"

"Yes. What are we goin to do with queen in this hole, Martin? Look at that slim white neck of hers and that round bit of a waist. She's a lady, Eben, from them purty waves falling over her forehead down to the tips of her toes, which we can't see in the picture.'

Eben was still studying the fair, unfamiliar face of his only daughter. The sweet, serious eyes looked at him unsmilingly. They did not know each other—that burly man and dainty girl. "I hope she won't be too fine for the home that's been good enough for her

mother all these years," Eben said "Her and me are cut out by different patterns, Eben. She ain't goin to fit in here. It'll be a shock to her, old man, a positive shock. We've done wrong more than oncet by our own daughter, Martin, and I'm just in a tremble all over since I've seen what she's growed

up to be." "Done wrong? How do you make that

out?' He placed the photograph conspicu-ously on the dining room mantelpiece, lodging it on top the wooden turrets in which the eight day clock culminated. "Thar. Leave it thar till the boys come in and make 'em guess who it is. I'm bound to eat and cut."

"Where are the boys, father?" "Down in the new cut. Seth said he'd rather finish that bit o' fencin while he was down thar than t' hafter go back t'morrer, and Charlie's turned in t' help him. It ain't likely they'll

get through before sundown. He dragged a chair to the table. It grated harshly across the bare floor.

Mrs. Martin disappeared with the coffeepot. She went to put it on the kitchen
stove. The boys liked their strong black
fluid hot. Eben was cutting a liberal wedge out of the circular pone of egg bread when she got back. He accosted her with a full mouth

thought we was givin her the bes' chance in the world. Mrs. Strong said we didn't have no right to deny her the blessin's of a good education."

'Mrs. Strong! That's just it. Mrs. Strong! She's been runnin the big house and the governor and the boys and the yard hands so long that she can't keep her finger out of anybody's

"You sound sorter snappish, Becky. You know they set a heap of store by book learnin up at the gov'nor's, and our girl was uncommon bright and purty. It was a sorter freak of nature our havin such a child given to us, with her yellow curls and her great big eyes and little hands and feet.' "Strong is just as good lookin in his

'And I don't think it's for us to complain when the governor's kep' Strong at Shingleton college these years at his

"That is because Strong is named for him, and he wants the respectability of the name kep' up. But Strong and Eliza is two different people, Eben, and I'm not sayin college is goin to harm our boy. He's got his way to make in the world, and all three of the boys can't oversee for Adrien when the governor's gone. Strong don't expect to come home the front steps. If the shadows were "plumb round," she was to ring. The and spend the rest of his days starin out everlastin slambang in the blacksmith's shop, and at a lot of mules switchin the flies off close to our very bedroom windows. Sometimes it sorter grates even on me, old man, specially if I've just come back from the big house, where it's all so different, but I've got used to it, and she's been out of it now for eight blessed years. And there, Eben, I done wrong in lettin Mrs. Strong send her all poor

Gabriella's fine clothes and things. "Gabriella was dead. She didn't want the frippery no longer. "Yes, I reckon I knowed that as well as you do. But it has helped to spoil

our Liza. She's got on a silk dress right there in that picture now, Eben. She used to say when she was a little girl that she loved to hear Mrs. Strong's silk dresses go swish swish along the hall at the big house. I remember that very dress. It's a little blue and white check silk with lace-real lace, old man-in the throat and sleeves. I don't think she'll care to hear it go swish swish over these rough plank floors, Martin,

She caught her breath and went on more anxiously: "And then, Eben, the worst wrong of all I've done her was lettin Mrs. Strong do all the letter writin, and when she comes home her mother-her own mother'll be the worse shock of all to her, old man." words culminated in a hard, dry sob.

"But somehow when her first letter came home, lookin so sweet and clean and prim, I just couldn't bear to send her back one of my awful scrawls, and when Mrs. Strong said it sorter comforted her by makin her feel as if she was writin to her own Gabriella, I just let things go on, never lookin far enough ahead to see the time when the child would get through school and hafter come home. And now, Eben, she'll find out what a cheat I am. I almost wish

she did not hafter come back at all." "Don't say that, Becky. She oughter be a real comfort to you when me and the boys has to leave you by yourself so much. She'll get used to things little by

"Duke's fitter company for me than that slim, dainty thing, Eben. I'm goin if she don't reproach us in words she will in her heart. She'll pine away here, brand new. She'll hafter take us jest as

From its turreted perch on top of the wooden clock the cause of all this anxiate looked down with pleoid, lovely

"You ain't never explained yet what eyes that were shaded by a broad straw you meant by us doin Liza a wrong. I hat whose brim east Rembrandtish shadows over the smooth oval of her cheeks and the rounded perfection of a slender white throat. It was the picture of a very beautiful girl. From where he sat facing it the overseer scanned it critic-

'It must be the books and the pianners and the nice clothes and the soft things all about her. It makes a good deal of difference, I reckon, to grow up to fine ways and smooth goin's. Liza didn't used to be too fine for her mam my and her daddy."

He dragged his chair, a clumsy, splint bottomed affair, back to its place against the wall with his left hand. He was conspicuously picking his teeth with a long, gleaming quill pick. He offered his wife some clumsy comfort while he was filling his brierwood pipe from the bag of "tobacco" that stood on the dining room mantelpiece for his and the boys' convenience.

"Don't you go to borrowin trouble in wholesale packages, Becky. After all, we are not such a bad lot at heart." "It's by our outsides Liza's goin to

judge us, Martin." "Jedge us! By jingo! I don't see as she's got any right to jedge us at all. "It ain't a question of her rights. It's

question of what she's likely to do.' The overseer rumpled his thick, gray locks with an impatient hand. His frank at them niggers' cabins, listenin to that eyes were filled with perplexity. It was not often he was called on to decide ethical points, and as a comforter he

was consciously inefficient. "I don't know what to say for your comfort, old woman. She's our own girl. I reckon we can't disown her. How would it do to take the picture up to the big house and talk your trouble

over with the madam?" Mrs. Martin caressed Duke's silky ears abstractedly. Eben waited for his good advice to be absorbed.

"Well, I s'pose I might as well. Sooner or later I'm sure to come to it. There's three things there's no mo' use tryin to get out of reach of than there is of flyin. One is Mrs. Strong's advice and the other two is her dose of castor oil and caloman if you're ailin. But I don't see clear how she can help me outer this trouble, Eben."

"Neither do I, but mos' gen'rally she does come up to the scratch, and mebbe she will this time."

"I'll give her a trial." Eben looked relieved. Rebecca was already preparing for her visit to the governor's mansion. She had taken off her ample check apron and rolled her sleeves into normal position. Her husband, mounted on the most patient of mares, put his face in at the open window of her bedroom for a last word:

"Oh, Beeky, I forgot to tell you to tell the gov'nor that I examined them gin brushes good this mornin, and they're gnawed all to pieces by the rats. Tell him please don't let any mail day pass without orderin new ones." "That is, if I can get speech of him. He's got Con'nel Clements and young

Dalghren up there. They all three rid by just before you come in. He's mighty full of politics these days.' She was tying the rumpled strings of, green gingham sunbonnet under her shy chin. The clumsiness of this piece of headgear presented a sharp contrast to the modish much beplumed hat that cast Rembrandtish shadows over the pictured face she had wrapped carefully in a clean handkerchief before putting it

into her pocket. She sighed wistfully over her own commonplaceness. "How will this poky old sunbonnet She won't fit in strike Liza? I reckon she won't think here, Eben. Never, never, never! And her mammy the finest lady she ever we are.

(To be Continued.)

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